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THE

Three Gardens,

BY

J. B. BITTINGER, D. D.,

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PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

BY

REV. EDWARD P. HAWES.

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Eden.

I

EDEN.

GENESIS II: 8. And the Lord God planted a Garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed.

It occurred to me last week, that perhaps we might profitably dwell on the Three Gardens, which are mentioned in the Scriptures, and which are so intimately connected with the destiny of the race; and, in accordance with this general purpose, I have selected the Garden of Eden for some remarks, this morning.

I do not suppose that there is any one whose privilege it has been to be brought up in the country, or in a city, not so much crowded as to crowd out the garden, by whom the garden is not esteemed as one of the choicest recollections which childhood carries with it, all through life—to its latest day. There is a difference between a garden and a field. A field is a place to work, and you never associate anything else with it; but while the garden is a place for work, it is also a place for play. It has not only its fruit trees, but it has also its flowers. It has that which makes it pleasant to the eye, it is a place of shade, it is a place of fragrance, it is a pleasure ground, and it always presupposes that there are human beings about, not only to take care of it, but also to enjoy it. You never associate gardens with animals or wild beasts, but the garden is the special adjunct of man, as lord of the manor. I doubt not, that it was in this connection, that Lord Bacon made his remark, "that God planted the first garden;" and this idea of God's

planting the garden, carries with it this thought, that he was building the place, and fashioning it for something higher than animals; that he was enclosing a choice spot for a creature who could enjoy whatever was comely and pleasant, that might be on the outside of the enclosure. It was therefore an acknowledgement that when he made the garden, he proposed to make something else beside the beasts, and that this world was to be given over in its dominion to a higher intelligence than was found even among the highest grade of created animals.

Of course gardens differ just as much as do houses, but I believe the traditions all run back to the Garden of Eden as one of the choicest spots that ever was enclosed or cultivated—because it was God's work, and this tradition, men have never allowed to die. They have cherished it among the choicest recollections of the race, and its restoration, among their choicest expectations. And though in every country, from India to Ireland, the Garden of Eden has been located, it never has been found, and I rather think it never will be, until it is brought back again by the second Adam, as it was lost by the first; but it is a glorious thought, my hearers, that the human race is not only capable of recollecting this disaster, but also of hoping for its restoration without any marks of the ruin that destroyed it.

If Adam had lived—if his life had been prolonged to an earthly immortality, it would have been possible for the same man, that saw the ruin of the first garden in his youth, to behold the restoration of it in his old age. But this is not God's economy, and now, you and I as a part of this first man, sharing in his disaster, are put into that garden as he was, "to dress it and to keep

it" and to work along in it,

— till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat. .

He shall bring it back again, and Adam, in us and with us, shall see the garden that was lost and won.

Let us now look at some of the things that were in the first garden. In the first place, take the ordinance of labor as it was established at that time. God took man and put him in the garden "to dress it and to keep it." This ordinance of the Lord has sometimes been connected with the curse, but that is a very different kind of labor. "God worketh hitherto and I work," said Christ. There always was, and you can see why there always must have been, the ground and the necessity for the ordinance of work. I spoke on this subject a few weeks ago, but it is especially at this time, that I speak of it as a moral—a Gospel ordinance. It is a part of the Gospel. There is no salvation without work; mark it, there is no salvation without work; you will find no sluggards in Heaven; you will find no loafers there—men who have lived easily for themselves, but expensively for other people all through this world, occupying celestial seats. "Verily I say unto you they *have* their reward,"—if I understand anything about justice, and the economy of God's grace. This ordinance of labor was established in the Garden of Eden; and labor, when it is intelligent and persistent, and when it is spiritualized, has the promise, the prophecy and the seeds of all blessings here on earth, and with them the prospect of the good things to come.

This little stream of Sewickley, which has been at work, I know not how long, but ever since it has been at work, has carried down more ground into the Ohio

river, than the Pennsylvania Central has cut out and cast up between this and Philadelphia. It has been at work day and night, year in and year out, doing the service which God Almighty laid upon it. He has laid work upon every man whom he has made, and he expects a return from the labor imposed.

Over against this ordinance of labor, is the ordinance of rest, the Sabbath; this is the second ordinance. People talk about rest, the rest of the Sabbath, but you find no Sabbath rest in reference to the man that has done nothing. Rest is a relative idea, it means that a man rests from his labors; and God put the Sabbath as an ordinance, to correspond with the ordinance of labor, because labor is exhaustive. Labor wears out, labor puts body and mind in an attitude and posture where they need opportunity to recuperate, and the Sabbath ordinance is the interval of rest, which is put there—at the end of the service, that the man may get ready for what remains. Men who do not work cannot keep the Sabbath; it is out of the question. There is no more a Sabbath, than there is a heaven for such men—and the abuse of the ordinance of rest, is like the abuse of the ordinance of labor. As you have no right to deprive God of the one, so you have no right to deprive yourself and your fellowmen, of the other.

And now another ordinance out of which have come a thousand more blessings than even out of work and rest—those twin ordinances belonging to our physical life, is the ordinance of the family. God did not make man to live alone. He might have perpetuated man without the particular arrangements which he made for his perpetuation, but he bound up in the ordinance of marriage a thousand blessings, which would never have

come to the race, except by orderly propagation, and the perpetuation of the marriage ordinance.

I have often spoken to you about the humanizing, the softening, the ameliorating influence of the family as it flows out of the infirmities which belong to the members of the household. The first of which is that, with the children, and their utter hopeless—I say hopeless—helplessness, there wells up in every one of the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine mother hearts as against the one in which it does not, a spring of affection that takes up this helpless child, and makes itself responsible for bringing it up.

Men, no less than women, become humble by being compelled through their affections, to stoop down to those that are below them. And these children, that are so much of a care, do more to keep human, and to keep soft, and therefore to keep the heart where it can be approached by the better influences, than perhaps any other one thing in the world; and thus it is, that the family is not only the nursery of the children, but it is the nursery of those tender graces and virtues, which give back more revenue to the man who exercises them, than all that he expends on them; and one need only refer to the sweetening influences, which flow down this family stream, and lay a perpetual tax on man, to feel that this tax, which bears so heavily upon us, becomes dearer and dearer. But in this stream of daily demands, through the cares and necessities of the household, there mingle ever these humanizing influences.

It is a getting along towards better things, to feel that we are obliged to do something for anybody else, beside ourselves; and God has graduated the plane away from ourselves, to our children and other dependents of

the household, so gradually, that we walk out upon it, until we embrace the whole world. A man who cares for none but his own family, is not a very large man, but he is infinitely larger than the man who cares for nobody but himself; and God's ordinance in the beginning was "to set the solitary in families." The family breaks that otherwise iron ring of selfishness, which not only would have enclosed the individual, but would have ultimately crushed him. These three ordinances or institutions are the things which belong to the Garden of Eden, and have their roots there.

Let us now turn back and look at the man himself. He was made in the image of God. I do not care what your idea of God is, you know, that if man was made in God's image, he was made after a higher pattern, than if he had been made after the image of any other thing you can mention—because the Creator is ever greater than the creature; and you can not imagine this creature to be endowed, if made in God's image, with anything less than an intellectual, a moral and a spiritual nature. His animal attributes he shared with the inferior creatures—over whom he was made master.

When God gave this man his endowments, and put him to his work—this common every-day work and labor, and gave him the rest which he would need as an honest workman; and put beside him a helpmate, that was in every respect adapted to him, he lifted him up to another and still higher plane, by giving him a moral domain—above the beast of the field, of which he had made him master,—gave him the liberty of eating of every tree in the garden, limiting it by one prohibition, and attaching a penalty to the infraction of that single commandment. Here, at once, he does not deal with

man as an animal. He deals with him as one, that was able to understand a covenant, as one capable of entering into moral obligations—as one that had the power of doing, or refusing to do that, which he had been commanded to do.

It has often been objected that this test, which God put upon Adam, was in a certain sense, beneath the gravity of the occasion, and the dignity of the contracting parties. Do you think it is beneath the dignity of a first-class time piece, that it registers the tenth part of a second, just as scrupulously as it renders its judgment on the hours? Do you regard it as a breach of the law of a perfect instrument, that it measures the smallest fraction of space with as much accuracy as it registers the largest spaces; is it a fault of the microscope, that it can see to the one-thousandth part of the thickness of a hair? Is it an impeachment of God's law of gravitation, that by the same forces with which it rounds the tear—the big tear of childhood, it rounds the planets, that sweep in their circles about the sun; and that the same principle on which he pivots and balances every dew-drop, he balances the universe? When God held the moral scale before Adam, he said: You have range to eat of everything in the garden, every fruit, but there is *one* tree there, of that I do not wish you to eat, it is a deadly tree; don't touch it.

"Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."

Was it a small thing in his moral constitution that he was capable of appreciating that one prohibition? If the law that determines the falling of an apple is the law which determines the motions of all the planets and of all matter in the visible universe, would not the same

law apply to Adam in his moral relations, since the application of the law which reaches to the throne of God, and which made him obedient to the one prohibition, was the law upon which was balanced the harmony of God's moral empire.

Could you suggest a command that would have been better? "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much, and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much;" because it is a property of the moral law, that its infraction is not measured by the extent of the transgression, but by the intent of the transgressor. I think therefore that the smallness of the test, as it is put by the objector, is an evidence of the delicacy of the poise with which God has adjusted the law to man's moral constitution.

This garden, like every other garden that ever has been or will be planted, until the Garden of Eden is restored, had in it the serpent. Observe how very careful and how very true to human observation and experience, is this description of the manner in which temptation assails the man. How true it is the world over, and how it makes us feel that we are the descendants of Adam, and that just as the first man acted, so all his descendants have been acting ever since.

I desire to have you understand the nature and the essence of the temptation in the garden—well, because it is the nature and essence of all temptation. God had said that Adam should not eat of the mortal fruit; now a man never does anything without being moved to it. How came Adam to be moved to violate this command? He says, he was moved thereunto by his wife. That is not solving the problem, it is only putting it back to the woman. But how came she to be moved thereunto? She said,

the serpent beguiled me and I did eat; but how does that solve the question? Was she put beyond her own control, so that she could not refuse? And when she asked Adam to eat, did she put him beyond his own control? Not at all; for you will observe, when Adam gave this reason, the judge proceeded to the offender—the wife, and when she gave as a reason, that the serpent had beguiled her, then he proceeded to the offender—the serpent. The serpent had no reason. What was the judgment? The serpent was cursed. For what? For doing wrong. But why didn't he stop there, if that was the prime and sole cause of the sin? Why did he proceed to pronounce judgment on the wife? Because the serpent was not the cause of the woman's transgression—or God was wrong when he pronounced judgment upon her. Why did he, however, pronounce judgment on her? Because she moved the man to eat? If the woman were the only transgressor, why not stop with the judgment on her? Because the man was part and parcel in the disobedience.

Now where is the secret—where lies the secret of the temptation, and thus the seed of sin? Here you have it. When the serpent had spoken to Eve, telling her of this prohibition, and the penalty, she acted just as we are all inclined to act. The question immediately springs up in the mind—why not? As when you tell the boys in school, not to throw snow-balls. Perhaps they do not think of it, or perhaps they do; but now when you say they shall not, the question arises—why not? You know yourselves that there is something in man that always asserts itself, or at least tends to assert itself, and it comes to this—that a man asserts himself against authority. The authority is the outside power speaking to

you, and you assert yourself against it; that is the field of temptation.

But how comes temptation to be operative? Now see how it operated on the woman, and that explains how it operated on Adam. This thing was working in her mind, and the suggestion too, about not touching this tree, and she was querying why not? and wherefore not? and what would come of it? She went and did what every boy and every girl will do. You bring home a package of oranges, if you do not tell the children there are oranges in the package, there is no mischief in the house, but, if the children learn that there are oranges in it, don't you see you put a match to the whole train that goes back to the magazine. What is the process of the boy's procedure? Here are the oranges, how does he proceed? Just as Eve did. He will go to the closet, and he will open that package, and will look at it; and the more he looks at it the weaker he becomes, or rather, the stronger something in him becomes, and then he takes up an orange, and smells of it; you see he has gone a step further, and then he looks it over, and turns it over, and then begins to ask whether there is a possibility, if he should take the orange, of its being missed in the count. This looks feasible. He thinks it could be done, and then it occurs to him it might after all be found out, and then he lingers and debates, and the man that debates is defeated—and the boy too. Perhaps he thinks he will just taste it. Well, although the rind at first is bitter, having bitten into it, he thinks he has not gone far enough, and he goes a little deeper, till he gets through the bitter, and tastes the sweet. Now he has tasted it, and he has broken the law. Then something begins to counsel him—you may as well eat the orange as not—and stolen waters are sweet.

This was just what Eve did, she stood and looked at the tree. This one tree was pleasant to look at—beautiful, and then there is the idea added—to make one wise; this was quite an attraction—this knowing something. Then it seemed to be a good thing—it looked so,

> "And her rash hand, in evil hour,
> Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat;
> Earth felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat,
> Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
> That all was lost."

Never was a temptation that really differed from that, —never. Temptation is not an outside power, working in upon the man against himself. Temptation outside is an occasion, not a cause. And temptation inside—is the power to sin—not sin. But the power to do wrong, and the occasion to do wrong, when they are brought together, are almost certain to result in wrong. When they are brought together "lust conceives, and they bring forth sin."

Then, it is objected, why, for so small a transgression, burden the whole future with the consequences of that sin? If you take a root, which was healthful, and in its normal state probably was good fruit, and poison it; having taken hold of the fountain of the tree's life, if you do not stop nature, you may expect, that everything that has gone into the root, will show itself in everything that comes out of the root. Not only the one tree, but that tree's seed, and the seed of the seed, and that seed's seed, down to the last recorded seed of that tree. You may stop the creature and begin anew, but unless you do, the tree can produce only its own kind. It has no creative power. It can only put out what is in it, nothing else. And it is as impossible for a tree that is

corrupt to bring forth good fruit, as for an apple tree to produce walnuts.

So that the question: How it is that you and I, standing at so great a remove from the first transgression, are tainted? is like asking the question—How it is that the apple tree keeps on being an apple tree?

When God made Adam, it is said that he made him in his own image—the image of truth, holiness and purity; but when Adam had descendants, they were in Adam's image, and they have been in his image ever since. It is strange that people build up such magnificent systems against God, on these laws of nature, and yet will not acknowledge this law. All other laws proceed in their uniform line of effects, the effects ever reflecting the image of the cause without variation, even to the exclusion, they say, of miracles. Here is corruption, corruption in the first germ of the human race, why should there not be corruption through the entire developement of the germ, as long as it has the power of germination? So it has been, and so it has intensified itself, as all effects are apt to do, so that in many respects we are worse off than Adam's immediate descendants, except where this curse has been turned back, or held back, by influences outside and above the natural forces, that lie within our own nature. And this question, whether a man can raise himself to his first condition, not only does not solve itself, but gives you a point blank negative answer. It supposes that the corrupt man can make himself a good man —without any external help.

In this dark and discouraging state of things, Eden lies before us. Its noblest institutions have been poisoned in their sources, and while there is a blessing bound

up with labor, there is evermore a curse tied up with it, too. And while there is a blessing bound up with rest, there are a thousand curses tied up with it. That homely saying, Idleness is the devil's workshop,—that expresses it. And while there is a blessing tied up with the ordinance of marriage, there are many ills that are tied up with it now; and these things have gone on multiplying, increasing, aggregating, until the world groans, as wide as the family has dispersed itself, under the accumulation of sorrows arising from too much rest, not less than from too much work, and from the various ills that come out of our social relations to each other.

And, if we were shut up to this state of things, we never should care to study the stream of human life any further. It would be like reading the record of the patriarchs. This man lived five and twenty years, and there was born to him a son, and he lived many years after, and begat sons and daughters, and all the years that he lived were three score years and ten, and he died. What would be the use of living—not only living to die, but living to descend lower and lower in the scale of being?

But now observe, how God does not entirely hide his face. Speaking to the serpent, he says: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Here you have the promise. It is wrapped up in a great many folds. I have no doubt that the person, to whom it was spoken, thought that there was something precious in it, and whatever might have been the expectations of the race, as to when this would be fulfilled, it never entirely died

out—never. The seed of hope is sown as wide as the human race is scattered, growing with more or less vigor, and forecasting the years of better times and larger prosperity. This promise was the star of hope. It afterwards came to be the star out of Jacob —it is the Star of Bethlehem. It is nothing less than the second Adam—the seed of the woman, and towards that distant hero of the human race, in all its divergence and dispersions, the eye of faith has been directed. They have all had the Garden of Eden behind them, as, in their tradition, they have had the blind expectation of an Eden to come. And we have fallen upon these times, when already may be seen the first reversal of the misfortune of the fall. We have seen enough of it, even without exercising much faith—enough of it, in what is accomplished since Jesus Christ has come into the world, to make us feel, that if we were true to the second Adam, we should be able to bring back again the first Eden.

Gethsemane.

II

GETHSEMANE.

JOHN XVII : 1. When Jesus had spoken these words, he went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which he entered, and his disciples.

The lesson, which I read this morning, from the Gospels (Luke XXII : 14–46) gives us the circumstances which preceded this going down into the garden, and whether it is the Christian, or whether it is the man, who is not a Christian—I don't think it is possible for any man to listen to that narrative without being touched by it. They had just been gathered around the table—the passover table, and dismissing the old economy by eating the Passover, and then introducing the new economy by eating the Lord's Supper. While at the last supper, the Saviour intimated, that there was one hand on the table with him, that should betray him. And what a significant fact it is, that you can not gather probably a dozen men and women anywhere, that there is not among them one, who would betray the Master!

They left the table, after singing a farewell psalm. They went out into the night—passed out, in all probability, at the gate St. Stephen—down into the valley—but more like a gorge than a valley—rocky and barren, and dark as could be, under the moon struggling through the clouds. And somewhere, in that valley, perhaps leaning against the western slope of Mt. Olivet, was this enclosure—or garden of Gethsemane, an olive

orchard, a place that Christ was in the habit of visiting —and a place well known to his disciples—and so well known as a place of retreat, that even his enemies knew it; and into this Garden he went. All his disciples were with him. But now he took chosen ones, for Christ had his favorites, even among his disciples, and the small number of the Apostles—the men he wished to be near him, because he felt stronger in the presence of his friends. Withdrawing a short distance—a "stone's cast," as Luke says,—he left those three men there to watch, to watch with him, and then he knelt down and prayed; and so great was the burden that lay on his soul, that he finally prostrated himself on the ground, and cried out of the very dust—"If it be possible, my Father, let this cup pass from me."

Now the incidents here are very simple. They are very few, but they are very touching. Because whenever a man undertakes to decide any great question,—and the greatest of all questions is the question whether you will do right or do wrong—that is the greatest question in the Universe—whenever a man puts himself in the attitude where he intends to decide that question, he always draws our hearts towards him, if we know that is the question he is deciding. If we saw that human soul standing in its nakedness, and contending against wicked spirits in high places, spirits of evil that were trying to seduce him,—we should all lift up our hands in prayer, that God would give the victory to the right. Because that is where our hearts are hung—on the right side—in respect to whether right or wrong ought to be done. Now that was the question which Christ was deciding, and upon that tremendous question hung the issues of the salvation of man. He was not simply

deciding the question for himself. He had already decided that—many times, but he was deciding the question, which ultimately touched you and me; and, in the great balance, which he was poising in his hand, hung the destinies of the world. The dignity of God's throne, the righteousness of his rule, and the triumph of right on the earth—the ultimate victory of truth over falsehood, right over wrong, and of God over the devil—hung on that crisis.

In order fully to understand this question, let us go back to the Garden of Eden, and see what the question was that Adam decided. We call it the Fall—but what is the fall? Wherein did it consist? So far as God's law was concerned, it consisted in disobedience—that was the fall; but so far as man was concerned, and his interests, it was the choosing of an inferior good, when he *knew* of a superior. He did just what you would do, or are tempted to do, every time you choose—to choose that which is worse, when you feel you ought to choose that which is better, and because you *know* which is the better—that was the Fall. That is the Fall in your case, aggravated by the circumstance that you come from a corrupt origin, and by the circumstance, that the atmosphere which you breathe, is full of the malign influences of Adam's transgression. But it is never any other question than this that you choose the worse while you approve the better. That is the Fall, and ever since Adam committed that act, he turned the scales, as it were, against you. But God knows how to adjust it so that you need not be troubled on that score. But ever since—and history comes in to fortify the declaration of Scripture, the heart of man has gravitated downward—has drawn man's steps

downward—and his way, since he left Eden, has been down—down—down.

Well now, if that tendency is not reversed, what must be the issue? If the downward grade is not broken, and made to slope up again to the everlasting hills, what is to become of those that travel upon it? It is ever down to darkness and death. I said, speaking of the Garden of Eden, that God hung the star of Hope over the garden, before he drove out its inhabitants—that was the promise of a Saviour—and from the time that the promise was made, the expectation of a Saviour became an operative force in human history. Jesus Christ became an efficient factor in the problem that is to solve the great Problem of Life. He became, from that time, a co-worker with men to recover what they had lost—and hence, from that time to this, there have always been, in the great pilgrimage of the human race, men and women, who have chosen the better things; men and women who, when tempted to do the wrong, felt themselves persuaded and enabled to do the right. When tempted to lie for gain—said: "Get thee behind me, Satan. I will speak truth though the heavens fall." Men who have stood at their posts faithful among the faithless—and thus have vindicated before all men and God, that the promise made was more or less fulfilled in many parts of the earth, and that some men had begun to take an upward turn from this downward slope.

The administration of God, we know only in part. We know God's administration among men, as we know the movements of the planets. Some of the planets were known to the early astronomers, without the aid of any instruments. They recognized them as belong-

ing to a system by themselves. But how many stars remained sealed up to them? Millions, I doubt not. How many remain sealed up to us? Many more millions than they had ever dreamed of. They do not, however, cease to be stars, because we do not see them. They do not cease to shine, because their rays do not greet our vision. They do not cease to move about God's throne, in obedience to his fiat, because he never revealed to us the center of the system. So with the history of Redemption. How insignificant is its orbit in the first holy family. We know where it has moved since God took it up beyond the Euphrates, and moved it on, through the house of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob—and when he multiplied it into the constellation of the chosen people; but how many there were outside of the particular chosen people, whose hearts God's grace touched, by virtue of the promise made in Eden, we do not know. They are "sealed up" as the stars are, but they shine as stars in the kingdom of God. When your eyes open on the new heavens you shall see them studded thick with the gems of that redeeming and gracious scheme, which God opened up in the Garden of Eden.

Now, let us see wherein consists the victory of these men. Just precisely wherein, as we shall see, Christ's victory consisted—in choosing the better, where they might have chosen the worse—in doing the better, when they had power, and disposition, and temptation, and promise of reward, if they did the worse. In the Garden of Gethsemane this problem was solved in such a way that you and I can see it as we never could have seen it before.

Here this man,—Christ Jesus,—I speak of him first

in that capacity, goes down into the garden, and then comes the last question that was submitted to him to be decided—*there* it comes before him. I know that the popular theology makes Calvary the apex of this great orbit around which Christ swung in order to accomplish the redemption of the race. It was not Calvary—*that* was its objective, outward representation. But I wish to make the point that you may understand it, that the place, where the question was decided, was Gethsemane. The depth of the valley was not an unapt symbol of the depth, to which everything had sunk—and from which it began again to rise. The darkness of the valley was not an unapt symbol of the pall, which had fallen on the whole race—the benighted race, which was waiting for the light to break out of the darkness—or the darkness would continue deepening, eternally to the end.

When a man is condemned to die for the right, do you think he suffers most, while the sentence is being executed on him, or do you think he suffers most, while he is deciding whether he will die or deny? When you go to a man, and tell him you will give him ten thousand dollars to go upon the witness stand, and swear that you were not where you were, in order, by an *alibi*, to clear you—when is it that that man goes through his agony as an honest man? Is it when you offer him the money, and he is debating the chances of taking it, or refusing it?—of accepting ten thousand dollars, or preserving his integrity? Or is it, think you, when he has sold his soul to the Devil, and enters the witness stand, and there swears to the falsehood—that you were not where, he knows you were? It is while the man is making up his mind whether he should

lie or tell the truth. That is the testing time. It is while Jesus Christ is bowing himself to the earth, and crying out in an agony, that he was deciding the question, whether he should let the world slide down its desperate declivity to death, or whether he should suffer, and drink the cup that was to be their redemption;—and it was the deciding of this question, that brought out the sweat in the cool night,—cold enough to need a fire in the high priest's palace;—that brought the sweat with blood; that reversed the course of nature, and forced the life current out of its channels, so that it came through, in an unnatural way, the pores of the skin.

Christ when he was called upon to decide the question, which Adam had also been called upon to decide —which Adam was to decide for himself and then for the race, but which Christ was to decide for himself, and not only to decide for the race—but to meet the momentum—mark, the descending momentum of a world that was rushing wildly on to destruction. It was not like a man keeping control of a team. He begins by controlling—that might be desperate enough. But it was for a man to stand in the highway, when a team came rushing down a steep road,—and, while it was madly rushing down, to throw himself right in the front,—reverse its course, and turn it from destruction. That was Christ's attitude. He stood at the bottom of the incline, down which the accumulation of our sins came like a flood—and all that was loathsome and contrary to his soul;—he stood on the incline, when all this avalanche of iniquity and unrighteous persons was rolling towards him—he stood and stopped it. The question decided was,—"Shall I stop it, or let it go?

Shall I receive, in myself, the penalty which they deserve; or shall I stand aside, and let them rush on?"

Now if you read of one who does that on the highway—who stops a team, behind which a mother and child may be risking their lives, you think it is heroic, don't you? You think it worth while to erect a monument to such a man? But when the whole world was rushing down the highway to ruin, then for Jesus Christ to stand there, and risk his own life to stop that world, does that deserve no tribute of admiration? You can admire the man, who stands at his post, while the hot ashes of Vesuvius are gathering around him, and smothering him. You can admire him of Winkelried, who takes and gathers the sheaf of spears in his breast, to turn the tide of victory in favor of his country; but you have no admiration for the man Christ Jesus, who stopped, and rescued a world descending to ruin. On what scale is your admiration graduated? Why do you admire these small things, and close your eyes to this tremendous Epiphany of God, in the person of Jesus Christ, saving the world?

> Oh, for such love, let rocks and hills
> Their lasting silence break.

Now another question. Christ having done this, in what attitude did he put the world? I assumed, that what made it so tremendous an undertaking was the stopping of this momentum—to break its force; because, until it is stopped, it cannot go back. It cannot cease to go down hill; it could not be turned up. This was what Christ did. He showed us that what he did, was what every man living, ought always to do. Now, there is not one of you, who does not approve of what Christ did. He did just as you feel you ought to do.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand are always consulting their own interests, and not the interests of others; always choosing the inferior good, while they know the superior—continuing to repeat and repeat the transgression of Adam, and multiplying its weight a thousandfold—ten thousandfold, through the ages, and through the race. While I said, that Jesus Christ decided this great question as we ought all to have decided it, let it further be said, that he decided the question then *openly*, which, by his grace, he had helped other men to decide many times before, but which, since then, he has helped men, many more times, to decide than they ever did before.

Why is it, brethren, that when this deed, which Jesus Christ has done, is spoken of, such deeds continue to multiply? Why is it that where Jesus Christ has been heard of, where he has been learned, that these acts of performing the good are increasingly multiplied? What is it that makes a Christian civilization so much better than a heathen civilization? It is because of this element, which Christ has put into his own people. Why is it that the little Star of Bethlehem shines with such enduring, with such illuminating, such pleasant light—dispelling the darkness more and more, while so many other stars have gone out? Because this is the star which God has set,—which he brought above the horizon of Eden, and which has never entirely disappeared since, but is now blazing until it has become a sun—the sun of righteousness.

Why is it, as the Scriptures tell us in Hebrews, XI., that the men who adorned the Jewish annals as heroes, were heroes of faith, and that they have gone on multiplying heroes and heroines among themselves, and have

been inscribing their names on a roll, before which we all bow down in admiration; men and women, who, through faith in Jesus Christ, conquered kingdoms, quenched fires, braved the assaults of their adversaries —counted their own lives not dear, and thus sowed the seed of a better harvest than if they themselves had continued to live? It is because of what Jesus Christ has been to the world. What he showed himself to be. Now, that he is manifesting himself more and more since his appearance—what he is proving it to be—God's purpose and plan of recovering our world.

But you will want to know what was in the cup from which the Saviour shrank. Do you think that Jesus Christ had less personal courage than you or I? Why was it then, that he shrank from the cup? What were its ingredients? Why did he tremble as he took it in his hands, and contemplated the draining of it? Why did he say: "My God! My Father! If it be possible, take it away! take it away!"

Well, in the first place, let us be frank to admit, that there were mingled in that cup those things which always make death terrible. It is not possible to separate the soul from the body without pain. That is the general experience. Christ had the same feelings that you and I have. The nails that went through his hands did not go through any softer, or with less pain, than they would go through my hands. His palms were as full of nerves as mine are, and those rude bolts, driven by rude soldiers, lacerated and tore to the quick his sensitive soul, through which they were struck. He could not contemplate those sufferings with complacency or indifference, and as he thought of the morrow, and thought of draining the cup, he could not help saying:

"I would rather not drink it!" He would have been less than a man, not to feel so. That was a part of the bitterness of the cup. Do you think that was all? Why, Socrates drank the hemlock without demur, and is there not a greater than Socrates here? And why does he shrink? Why does he start back from this? Now there must have been something else in the cup, or Jesus Christ was not the man we take him to be.

I think there was another ingredient in it—enough to embitter any cup. It was the ingredient of disappointment. Jesus Christ's entire life, from the time he emerged into the consciousness of his responsibility—as, for instance, when he went up into the temple to be about his father's business, to the time when he ascended Mount Calvary—was a life of suffering. It was a life, too, that could not be carried out, in a world like ours, without suffering. Through all the missionary work of his life, he was ever being disappointed; just as you are, in your homes; just as I am, in my work; just as any man is, who tries to accomplish good, and finds that evil is thwarting his purposes, either through the want of appreciation, on the part of those for whom he labors, or the envy of those who stand aside, and can not bear to see the good seed growing without scattering tares among it. Why? Because, though they were drinking ruin to themselves, they would not be instructed or admonished to turn from their evil ways. Why, when the people of Capernaum turned back from him, did he say to his disciples, as though he were growing afraid—timid of success: "Will *ye* also forsake me?" He could not take disappointment with indifference. Why should he? You cannot imagine any man of any sensibility, to take a task and be

thwarted, and feel as comfortable as if he had succeeded. It was enduring "the contradiction of sinners;" it was "being reviled," without the natural satisfaction of reviling in turn; it was being despised of men, for whom he was laboring; it was being rejected of men, for whom he was ready to lay down his life. These were enough to make his heart fail.

You say, in the cup, did he not share the common lot of other men, who try to do good? Certainly, in kind; it was the same sort of pain which a father feels when he traces the wanderings of a wayward child; when he drains the bitter dregs of disappointment; when he drinks the poison of ingratitude. Wherein, then, does Christ differ from other men, if that was all? There must have been something else there. You cannot compass Jesus Christ with the circle which encloses mere man. Said Napoleon: "I have known men, and I tell you—Jesus Christ was not a man." If he were only a man, you can explain this shrinking from the cup. It is human infirmity—that is all. But now, if he was only a man, then he falls below the level of other men who have been similarly placed, and who have acquitted themselves better. If he was not extraordinary, he was less than ordinary.

Why, then, did he fall down, and break, under the burden laid upon him? Why did he shrink back in horror from that which other men have done with equanimity? Did he turn coward, when others' courage rose to the sticking point, and held them to it, till it was accomplished? Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and ever since the world had started it had, under the fearful blow which it received from Adam, been going out into the darkness, and it

was a part of God's purpose to recover the race. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, Jesus Christ came to save the world. That was his errand, and in order to save the world, certain things must be done. And the first thing that must be done was to take account of the transgressions that were past; to make a satisfactory settlement of the indebtedness of the past; and to make a satisfactory compromise with reference to the future. That must be done, and that was the work committed to Jesus Christ.

Now, when you mingle in the cup the transgressions of the world; when you make a righteous God drink down iniquity; when you fill the cup full of all the sorrow and bitterness of transgression, of all that is abominable in the sight of a just God, and then commend it to his own lips, when, by hardening his heart, he could have avoided it, then you have before you the problem which Jesus Christ had to solve in the garden. You know, as well as I do, as the great tragedian says,

> That in the course of justice, none of us
> Should see salvation:

That is a question which need not be argued here.

Now if God steps aside from his justice—that attribute of exacting equal for equal and of returning equal for equal—who is to receive the blow that must be received, in order to help God do that work? The question can be very easily solved. If God had said to himself, reasoning in the line of his justice: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." That was law, and the penalty was death. Adam broke the law. Let the penalty proceed, and let him die. That was easy enough. But God

said, "No, no; let us devise another plan. Let us call in some other expedient. If it be possible, let the man live, and all of his posterity who shall come to the terms of the new covenant." That is what he said.

Who now shall take the penalty? You understand law. Law means a precept, and law means sanctions. If a man keeps the precept, he keeps the law. If he does not keep the precept, he must take the sanction—he must suffer the penalty. Now the law was not kept, and you can only divide this penalty between two parties. It must be divided between the transgressor and the law-giver, or God's moral government ceases to be a government—it becomes a mere establishment of comfortable, good advice. The question was, who should take the penalty? Shall the sinner take it and perish, or shall the law-giver take it? Well, God chose to take it. Do you honor him for it? Does your conscience tell you that, when you deserved judgment should fall upon you, and God held it back, that you ought to take the cup of salvation and call upon his name, or do you not care?

But I want to explain this more clearly to you. I want you to understand just what it was that was in this cup, so that it must be divided between the law-giver and the law-breaker. When you tell your child to do something, issuing the command, and with the understood arrangement that the command must be observed, or the breaker of the command must be punished—and that means pain on the transgressor's part; when your child does wrong, and you feel that it has done wrong, and yet you repent, you do not carry out your law, what was the phenomenon that appeared in your mind? What is it? You, parents—every one of

you, know. If you have any respect for law—any respect for your word—any respect for the discipline of the household—which means good order for everybody that lives under the roof, you know that if you do not punish your child, you must punish yourself. There is no other alternative, either in the physical or moral universe. Action and reaction are equal. If the penalty does not issue on the law-breaker, it must fall back on the law-maker. Either the sinner must drink the cup, or the law-giver must. Now, "God was in Jesus Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them—but laying upon him the iniquity of us all, and Jesus Christ—God manifested in the flesh—He it was that drank the cup, and that cup was full of your iniquity and mine.

Does it seem strange that his moral nature should revolt from such a cup? That his whole being should be turned back? That he would have to drink his own words—swallow his own penalty, if he would save the transgressor? and so, God being just, and yet the justifier of men, Jesus Christ drank that cup.

Now the barriers are removed. The conditions are fulfilled. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe that he drank that cup. Believe that your sins were in that cup, and henceforth there is no condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus. Could anything be plainer? Could anything be more glorious?

Well, brethren, what does this concern you? In the light of Gethsemane, what is your duty? What is your destiny? Your destiny is, through faith, unto eternal life; and your duty is to take God at his word, and trust him for what he has done. Henceforth, do not choose the worse. Do not choose the worse, when you

know the better! How can you that are washed and made clean—and at such a price—how can you go back to the miserable, degrading, ungrateful life that made the cup so bitter to the Lord Jesus?

Now, is this something which children can understand? Why, just as surely as God means to save them, they can understand it. Just as surely as they know that when they deserve punishment, and God chooses not to punish them, it is a proof of his great goodness and mercy. And if they want to do right, oh, how easy it is made now, when you see there is nothing to obscure God's face. The dark cloud is taken away. The way of life has been laid open. There is no barrier across it. The gates of the Eternal City are standing wide, and at the head of the street stands the Messenger of the Gospel, crying, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money—why, God does not want any slaves—drink freely, and be at peace with God." Or will you go on, against your own conscience, doing the worse as against the better; enjoying the pleasures of sin for a season—a temporary joy, as against the eternal pleasures of the future? Will you go down still further, and deeper than the depths and darkness of Gethsemane? Will you go on until your feet stand upon the perilous edge of perdition, and when you find yourself among the lost, cry: "I would—I would have chosen life, but God would give me no chance to choose it?" Will you say: "I would have chosen the right, if I had known what the right was?" When your own conscience shall keep telling you, "You knew your Master's will, but you did it not;" "you took pleasure in your sins, and you are now eating the fruit of your own way."

Milton, in the last dialogue between Satan and the Son of God, in "Paradise Regained," brings Satan, finally, to this point, where he describes what the real source of his wretchedness was—man had hope: Satan had none.

> This wounds me most (what can it less?) that man,
> Man fallen, shall be restored; *I, never more.*

Paradise.

III

PARADISE.

REV. II: 7. He that hath an ear let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches: To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

The word Paradise in the Sanscrit language, which is probably the oldest of the Eastern languages, was transferred to the Greek language—not translated, and is the term by which the LXX always render the word garden, and from them it has come to us to represent that same kind of enclosure—a cultivated enclosure. In to-day's text it describes exactly what we find in the second chapter of Gensis—not simply a garden, certainly not a field, but a park, a pleasure ground—a place filled with everything that addresses itself to the eye, and that gratifies our sense of the beautiful. And when one reads a description of the Garden of Eden, I think you have a feeling, as if such a garden, after being laid waste, could never be restored again; and the more one allows one's imagination to float over, and fill itself with its desolation, the more one feels, that when that picture was destroyed—blotted out, that it was irrevocably, irreparably destroyed. But then, when we turn to the book of Revelation, and read the account there, of the restored Eden—the Paradise of God brought back again—there are some features in the Paradise regained, which are much more splendid than anything which you can conjure up in respect to the Paradise lost.

The first Eden is made glorious, and particulary to

the Oriental mind, by its shade, its trees, its fruits, its flowers, and its water. It was a place of springing fountains. It was just such a feature in the landscape, as the thirsty East alone can furnish to gratify the eye. When you turn to the Paradise of God restored, you have all these things—you have the rivers of water, the trees, the fruits—but you have what is equally interesting and engaging to the Oriental mind, you have jewels —no longer spoken of as being in the ground, and the gold of it as "good"—but the very streets of the New Jerusalem are paved with gold; and those precious stones which we wear, with so much pride and vanity, on our hands, why they are put up in the common enclosure of the place—and the whole of it is flooded, bathed in a splendor—a light which does not need the sun, nor moon, nor stars—it is the effulgence of God himself—the luminous brightness and glory of the Lord Jesus Christ—the greater man who should—

> Restore us, and regain the blissful seat

lost by Adam. He it was who should bring back our lost Eden.

The distance between these two gardens, in time, is very great—for the first garden is thousands of years in the past, and the second we know not how many years —thousands, it may be, in the future—so far as the race is concerned. But can we restore the first Eden? Do we care whether it can be restored? And in order to answer these questions, we must ask this one: What is meant by the restoration of Eden? And that asks the other question: What is meant by the loss of Eden? I have answered that question and only recall your attention to it. The loss of Eden was not the blasting

of its trees—not the drying up of its fountains—not the dimming of the fine gold. The loss of Eden was a moral defeat. It was a spiritual defeat. It consisted in Adam's disobeying God—that is wherein it consisted. It was the choosing of an inferior good, when he knew that a superior good was within reach, and which he was under obligations to choose. The drapery may all pass away—it may be folded up like a vesture, and laid aside. What do we care for the drapery—*that* is not the truth. Suppose the allegory vanishes—let it vanish. When it has brought into our souls the truth, which it was designed to convey, what do we care for the drapery in which the truth was attired. When I hold the jewel what do I care for the setting; and so, when we come to the restored Eden, we don't propose to enter and sit under the shade of its trees, as the highest ideal of Paradise regained. We do not satisfy ourselves with the thought that we shall quench our thirst with water. We don't think of its gold, and its jewels. If we never get there, what are they to us?

The restored Eden is a moral restoration—spiritual—it is bringing back to man the heart, and the obedience of the heart, which he had lost and forfeited in the first garden. Now the question arises, has anything been done, from which you can judge, and on which you can base any expectation, that this restoration will really be accomplished, in the terms of the promise? I presume if we ask ourselves whether if Adam had never fallen—if he had kept on obeying God's law, and his house had multiplied, like the Patriarch's tent—having spread itself out—its cords lengthening, and its tent pins strengthening, until one tent added to another, should at last have covered the earth—the descendants of an

obedient man—that we should have had an earth and a world, that would be infinitely superior to what most people expect to find in heaven. If then Adam had not fallen, and had simply gone on multiplying himself on the earth, after God's likeness, he would have left us in possession of the Garden of Eden. We never should have gone out of it. We should never have come back to it—but we should have extended its garden limits, until they would have been conterminous with the limits of of the earth. And do you think, my hearers, that it would have been the trees and waters that would have delighted you and me as we traveled our part of the pilgrimage through that untainted world? I think not.

If we look into our own hearts, and ask what the restoration *there* is, we shall find it very easy to state, but very hard to compass. You visit your garden, you find it laid waste, and you live in its waste, and you go on in its desolation, and it remains a field, desert and desolate—in which are springing up all kinds of weeds and roots of bitterness—bringing forth unwholesome fruits—and that which is going on in your heart has been going on in the hearts of all people—more or less, in all the past, and is going on in all people to-day, all over the earth. If now you take that one heart, and subject it to the law, which it broke in Eden—if you could bring it back to its allegiance to God, and once more make it faithful to the ordinances of heaven—and, by the grace of God, that man kept on in such a service in his own heart, and in his own house; and the hearts of other men should come and cleave to him and his ways, until the hearts of the whole nation should be turned to the Lord, and the hearts of all nations should be turned to-

wards God, then would come back to us the regained Paradise—and we should not need to die to get to heaven. I presume we would not need to *die*—we would be changed—but it would not be necessary in order to fit us for heaven—when we have in our hearts, and every man in his heart, all the fruits—the spiritual fruits of the garden—out from which, for disobedience, the first man had been driven.

If we look at the course of history, we can see, by comparing the civilization, for example, of this age, with the civilization of five hundred years ago, that the race is certainly moving in the direction of something better, than that from which they came. If we go back a thousand years, when your ancestors, and mine, were living on acorns in the northern forests of Europe, you certainly have a state of society, which is infinitely below the one which you now enjoy; and all along the course of history, monuments have been put up, which show that the race, in its progress, is onward and upward; and if you ask for the powers, the underlying powers, which have produced this advance, you will find that they are allied to Christianity. They may not bear this most worthy name—but the highest forms of these efforts, and the noblest manifestations of these secret influences, are the efforts and influences which belong primarily and peculiarly to Christianity.

If now, you should simply take the influences of religion, as we have them among ourselves, and as we have had them for a thousand years, and imagine them to operate among people who have not had them, and work for a thousand years among the millions, the perishing millions of China and India, what would be the result? If all these millions were brought to *our* level,

would the world be nearer the second Eden than it is now? Would it be farther away from the first Eden than it is now? Should we not feel that the faces of the race were turned toward the light, and so long as they stood in the light and followed it, it would bring them nearer and nearer to the great temple of God—of which God himself is the light?

But this may seem very slow work, and you cannot wait for it—you cannot wait for the myriads of China to learn Him whom you do not confess; to bow down their hearts to Him, to whom you have not fully bowed down your own hearts. And when will ever this work be done? My hearers, this is God's work. God planted the Garden of Eden at first, and put man in it—and God is the one who promises to reconstruct, to regain and replace, under conditions, the race which is to occupy the second garden. What is it to me that it takes ten thousand years to bring the race back to the garden—I can enter its gates to-day. You can. Why do you ask *when* God will restore Eden? Are *you* willing to enter its gates? They are standing open day and night, and God, in the person of Jesus Christ—who opened the gate, and no man can shut it,—is asking you to enter in. Suppose the procession does extend ten thousand years back of me—is that any concern of mine? I would they all would come and enter too. It is not a question, *when* they shall enter in, but it is a question, *whether* they will enter in.

The church, and many people in the church, have spent a great deal of anxious thought on the question of *when* this shall be. Then, too, others have schemed of how God said this, but I do not know that he has anywhere revealed it. I know the general principles,

for they are here—but he has taken special pains not to tell us, and so guard against our useless curiosity. His word to us, by the mouth of Jesus Christ, is of *that* day knoweth no man—nor the Son of Man—but only God himself.

And another question allied to this is: *where* shall the restoration of the Garden of Eden take place? Well, my hearers, I am frank to say, that I think it is quite as likely to take place here, as anywhere else. I think that it is more likely that it will take place here than anywhere else. I feel that my sense of the divine justice would be fully met, and yours, too, that the field, where the battle was lost, should be the field where the battle had been won—and that we should camp on the same ground victorious, whence we were driven fugitives and vagabonds.

But, perhaps, you think this Eden is not good enough for your heaven. If you would purify your own heart, and cast out all the bitterness and strife; all envy, covetousness and uncleanness—and your brethren should go through their hearts with the same exorcism, and purification—and God should breathe through our poisoned atmosphere—expelling the venom and letting the free breath of the first Eden be felt again among us, we should then feel that we could wipe the sweat of the curse from our brow—and sit down as if in heaven—and more of heaven than we ever had, or ever expect to have. Such questions as these are of some interest, but they are not the main question. When the Paradise shall be regained, and where, are comparative trifles, when we lay them aside of the question: "How shall Paradise be restored?"

Coming back to the line along which Christian civil-

ization is moving, you will observe that there are certain marks, by which you can discriminate between the progress of God's people, from the Garden of Eden, and the progress of those who are not on that line. You will observe that wherever this progress is taking place, there is coming, gradually, into men's lives, the law of love. There is a gradual putting of itself under the law of the kingdom—the law of justice—with as much of equity, which is a part of love, as it is possible to put into it. You will observe that it consists in men getting more and more out of themselves, breaking loose from the bonds of their concentrated, concentrating and crushing selfishness, and expanding themselves into the interests and welfare of their fellow-men. In other words it is a moving along in the direction of the second great commandment: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and when the second commandment begins to be kept among us—only partially—what a change it will produce in all our life.

I thought, last night, that if the State of Pennsylvania should, in all its people, and all its objects, social, political and other relations, just do right for twelve hours, we should not know ourselves by sunset—the revolution would be so complete—so entire. We should feel as if heaven had been let down to earth; or we had been caught up to the third heaven—and all this for just twelve hours of obedience. Now it was God's purpose, in sending Jesus Christ, that we should be able to keep this law, not for twelve hours, but for twelve days, and for twelve weeks, and for twelve years—aye, that we should keep it to the end of our life—and then should walk into heaven, on a perfect level.

Look at it in another aspect. Take the legislation of

Sinai. Take the last six commandments, those which have to do with our duty to our fellows. Suppose all these commandments were kept, holding men back from wrong-doing—simply holding them in from transgression—holding them from rebellion—what a world it would make! And yet that world is ever so far from that which will be, when Paradise is restored—because a world held back is only a prison-world—it is close confinement, it is a great wall put around the wrong-doer, so that he cannot do wrong—but he does not do right. He is just waiting his chance—he is simply hedged in. Mt. Sinai does not stand half-way—not more—between the two gardens. But when you get men to the foot of Sinai, to keep the commandments of the second table, you have only done half the work, which Jesus Christ undertook to do, when he threw himself before the descending race, and stopped it, in its career to ruin.

Exchange now the commandments for the beatitudes. Ascend that other mountain where Jesus Christ stood, and listen:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

Now take the world that is under the dominion of the beatitudes, and compare it with the world that is under the control of the Commandments, and see the difference. No wall is necessary to keep men in. No need here to put men into close confinement, under threats of punishment—but you have only to put something into

their heart. You must give them a new heart—not the old, stony heart, like the tables on which the law was written, but the soft—the tender, the obedient heart, like to that which hung in the bosom of Jesus Christ—and which he wishes to give to every one—whereupon the commandments should not be written with an iron style, or engraved with a diamond, but where they shall be written with the finger of God, by his spirit; and where a man's conduct should flow out of his soul, as waters flow out of a spring.

Will the gospel take the bitterness out of the human heart? Jesus said it would, and he opened his own heart and showed us that it did, and he has opened many a heart since then, and we have tasted and seen how sweet were the waters that flowed out of those hearts, which he had changed. The men and women who have been mighty in good deeds before the public —men and women whose names are the saints' names of the Christian calendar; men and women whose hearts have been changed by Jesus Christ, and who, like him, went about doing good—and blessing with the benediction of their presence all the sons and daughters of want and misery. This is restoring the Garden of Eden. This is not only taking the poison out of our souls—the poison which leads me to hate; which makes me envy the prosperity of my neighbor; which puffs up with pride; which leads men to live for their lower nature—like the brute, instead of living for their higher nature; which makes a man an enemy of his neighbor, instead of a friend. It not only takes out the poison, but it comes back and brings healing to the heart, and makes it a source of positive blessing to all whom it touches.

And this it does, not only in public—for it is not your model penitentiaries—not your reform schools, not your anti-slavery movement, not your peace movement—these are only the great monuments which are set up along the highway of the nation's progress toward the kingdom; but in ten thousand quiet families, where the Christian graces turn themselves inward, where they are beautiful and fragrant—like the Englishman's home, not for outsiders, but for those inside; and the ten thousand times ten thousand human hearts, which, by divine grace, are ripening from the center outwards—growing sweeter from the core to the rind—which, though they appear to be but as the rough bark of the cork tree on the outside, are as tender as a mother's heart on the inside—and that is a part of the work of the restoration of Eden.

You will observe this scheme begins at the center—just where "the Tree of Life" stood in the center of the garden—and from that tree of life, as "the golden milestone" of the kingdom, its beneficial influences would have traveled out to the circumference of the race's dispersion—if Adam had kept the first law; and now the center of man's Garden of Eden is in his soul, and Jesus Christ has commenced his work there.

On the outside you can be a hypocrite—you can put on the semblance of restoration. You may veneer and varnish it with the appearance, and comliness of righteousness; but it is only when the heart itself is changed and becomes a living power in the life, that you know it. If you let it work, it will work itself out—like heat, until it radiates from the outer surface; and will increase its radiation, until it becomes luminous, till, with its warmth, it shall come to be not only lumin-

ous, but will glow. It will come to shine like the stars, for this is what the prophet saw—they shall shine like stars in the firmament of heaven.

I think then, that you and I will not have any special regrets to throw away upon the first garden in its external appearance. I never saw a tree so large and so beautiful—so grand, that it stood before me, with one-half the nobility, with which one deed of righteousness stands up. When Job stood before God, and before those who mistook God's providence, and said "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him"—he was more sublime than the cedars of Lebanon, or the red wood of California—and the second Garden of Eden will be full of that kind of trees. And it will not only be the cedars of Lebanon, with their sublime typical meaning as to the graces and virtues—but from the towering giants of Lebanon to the hyssop by the wall—the little Christian graces—the tender Christian virtues of the homestead—those little plants that cling to the household—that blossom at home, and diffuse their sweetness about the hearth stone—they also will be there; and when the garden is full of that kind of trees—plants of righteousness—its smell will go forth as the smell of Carmel after the rain. It will fill all heaven with its aroma. It will be heaven.

And then, those men, who sometimes perhaps perplex themselves, and all who sympathize with them—and *we* perplex ourselves for them—the men, for instance, who love gold, and who cannot slack their thirst for it—and they wonder how they should be satisfied in that country. Why, you can change a man's tastes. The man that loves gold now—that insane rabidness for this world's goods, when you give him a new

taste—when you translate him to that country—where, as I said, gold is the dust of the street—why how can he want gold there? Nobody else wants it. You never knew a man to want what nobody else wanted.

My hearers, half of the insanity for gold is merely envy, jealousy, or pride—a desire to have something, which somebody else wants—and you do not want him to get it. Nobody else wants gold in heaven, and you will not want it either. The love of God will give you a taste for new things—things better than gold—priceless, precious things. Why he has given you evidence even here, that you love better things than gold, and for which you are ready to give your gold. Why do you spend your gold for anything, unless there be something which you love better than you do gold? Why do you offer ten thousand dollars to get back your child? Because your child is better than gold. And when you have thrown away your integrity, and the vision comes back to you that you *have* thrown it away, Oh! what would you not give to get it back? If the proud Queen of England could offer a million for a moment—*for a moment!* She could not have put a great estimate on gold, but a great deal on the moment. You get a different idea of what values consist in, and what is the worth of some things, in that state.

The poor wretch, who is now the victim of strong drink, and is drawn down, and down, and down, by his poor, miserable appetites, do you think if God ever makes him fit for the kingdom of heaven, that, when he can sit down and drink wine at the table of his Father, when he can drink it new with his Saviour—who found him defiled, and washed him—who found him stained, and purified him—who found him cast down

and broken, and healed him—do you think, that his insane appetite will go back then to the wine of this world? That will be a part of Eden restored.

Now, my hearers, two things are settled—in respect to each and all of us. We have all lost the first Eden. You know it, and all men's poor efforts to make this up with this world, prove it. If they had not lost Eden—felt they had lost it, they would not be making these efforts. We have all lost the first Eden, and Jesus Christ has opened the gates into the new Eden. He stands at those gates, and calls to every one. You know you have lost the first Eden. You would like to get back. You think so, you say so—and I tell you that Jesus Christ has opened the door into the second Eden, and is calling to you—you who cannot quench your thirst with the things of this world. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come to the waters of the fountain of life. You men, that are hungering after these things, and cannot stay your hunger—the appetite grows by what it feeds on—He offers you food, which if a man eat he shall never hunger more, and drink which if he drink, he shall thirst no more.

Now, whenever you would go into this second Eden—it is a long way before all the procession shall enter—but whenever *you* want to enter, whenever you are ready, whenever you accept Jesus Christ's invitation—he will put into your hand the key that will unlock its door—whenever you believe his word.

Do you think God will be disappointed in this second garden—having undertaken to restore it? I think not. I think God will never give up the work until he has made it good. I cannot reconcile it with my idea of God, that either through lack of wisdom—lack of

power; for shortness of resources, or for want of a practicable end, he will not secure the thing which he undertook to secure. He will not compel *you*. He did not compel Adam to sin, and he will not compel you to reverse Adam's deed. But is it not something that he has put it into your power to reverse it? Is it nothing that he is supplementing your strength to do what, without the supplement, you could not do? For "what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us." And if any man will lay hold of him, he will have strength enough. He shall walk and not be weary, he shall run and not faint—he shall grow in strength and power, until he, and all others with a like faith, come to stand before God.

Let us go forward now, to the restored garden, and look back. Who are these that are coming up with their palms—with their crowns—with their garments washed white? These from the remote west, where the sun sinks behind the waters—these from the remote east, whence the sun has come forth to run his race—and the millions of the islands of the sea! These are they who have heard the voice of Jesus Christ, and as I see them come up the highway of holiness, cast up for the redeemed—coming up like a triumphal procession—with the spoils of conquest, over sins, and sorrows and sickness—yes, and the promise of conquest over death—as they come up, who is it that leads them? I think the man that leads the procession is Adam—and these are the millions who are coming after him; who, through the second Adam, have over-

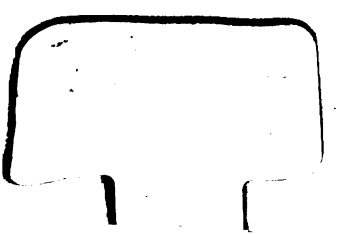
come the world, and are going in to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

And now, as they file into the great gates of the kingdom of God, where are their eyes going? Every soul is saying to itself, when it comes out of that press into heaven: "I would see Jesus." Their eyes are hungering, as well as thirsting to see him, who is the resurrection and the life—Jesus, who gave them power to take up their pilgrimage—who was the staff in their hand, and the song in their heart, in the day of trouble, and who has brought them at last, over the threshold of salvation! "We would see Jesus."

Then, what does Jesus say? Not only shall we see him, brethren, we shall be "*with* him." Oh, it is a blessed thing to see a friend—but to be with him. "More!—we shall *ever* be with the Lord." Yes, we shall not only see him with these eyes, and be with him; but blessed be God! "we shall be *like* him, for we shall see him as he is."

Now brethren, don't you want to go into the second Eden? Go down once more to the garden of Gethsemane, look upon the man, who bowed his soul to the ground—and sweat, as it were, drops of blood—that he might wash you and make you clean—that you might enter, and never, never go out again. Are these tears nothing to you? Can you hear the driving of those bolts with indifference? Can you hear that cry to God "Why hast *Thou* forsaken me! in my great work, when I am travailing to redeem the lost?" Sinner, for you—for you, sinner—all these things were done. Oh, do not wait till the gates are shut—for though opened, no man could shut them. He can shut them, and no man can open them, and then, if ever, shall be said: "I called,

and no man regarded. My locks were wet with the dew of the night—even till morning, I knocked and no man would open! The door is shut! He that is unjust, let him be unjust still. He that is filthy, let him be filthy still."

Oh, let us all be there, and see each other in that place—in the Paradise of God!

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